AT VERSAILLES.

She stepped upon that fragrant sward, She watched the joyous fountains play, The girlish queen, whose fate was bard. Her sunshine lasted scarce a day.

She watched the joyous fountains play, Her eyes and lips with smiles alight. Her sunshine lasted scarce a day, Her hopes were lost in blackest night.

Her eyes and lips with smiles alight, The charming Marie Autoinette; Her hopes were lost in blackest night; Her follies let the world forget. The charming Marie Antoinette,

Ane leved a play, a rout or ball; ler follies let the world forget, She paid so dearly for them all.

She loved a play, a rout or ball:
She loved a brilliant, sparkling gem;
She paid so dearly for them all,
E'en with her life and diadem. She loved a brilliant, sparkling gem.

Ahl who shall count the price she paid? E'en with her life and diadem, As on the block her head she laid,

Ahl who shall count the price she paid?
Ahl who can say what thoughts she had
As on the block her head she laid—
The past unrolled, both good and bad? Ahi who can say what thoughts she had? No doubt her loved Versailles she saw. The past unrolled, both good and bad. Versailles still owns her sovereign law.

No doubt her loved Versailles she saw. She lingers yet around the spot. Versailles still owns her sovereign laws By no one can it be forgot.

She lingers yet around the spot—
The girlish queen, whose fate was hard.
By no one can it be forgot
She stepped upon that fragrant sward.
—M. A. B. Evans in Quips.

## ALWAYS TOO LATE.

Priscilla, who often wondered why it had been necessary to name her after her dead and gone great-grandaunt, was growing up into a fine young woman. She was 16 and tall

Her cousin, Tomlinson Perrybrook, then five and twenty, made up his mind to marry her if he could get the prettiest, best and sweetest little darling living. But she was only 16. which was exceedingly to her taste. He would say nothing yet. He would wait until she was 17 and then speak.

Then Tomlinson Perrybrook, havback to his occupation, which was what he called "improving his place."

He laid out new paths, planted new trees, improved the garden and gave the parlor a fine frescoed wall and ceiling, a new Persian carpet and velvet furniture.

Meanwhile he said nothing to Priscilla, having not the slightest doubt that she liked him and would say 'Yes" whenever he said "Will you?"

Priscilla did like him. She was secretly a good deal in love with him and very much hurt that he did not make love to her. Every one in the house knew this except ing for the seventeenth birthday, retrospection. Before that time Priscilla went to who fell desperately in love with

In her heart Priscilla wished that her Cousin Tomlinson had been in his place, but as far as she knew her Cousin Tomlinson had no more than cousinly affection for her. Consequently, feeling that her youth was waning with the approach of her seventeenth birthday, she accepted her first offer and came home to tell her father and mother what she had done.

They in turn told Cousin Tomlinson, who, having contrived to hide his emotion, escaped from them as soon as possible and went home to shut himself up in the frescoed parlor he had furnished for unconscious Priscilla and cry like a girl.

There was nothing for it now but to get over his misery as well as he could, and he congratulated his cousin in a very pretty choice of words and went away to distract his mind by travel. He resolved not to return until the end of November. This was May. In June his aunt, Priscilla's mother, wrote to him. One of the paragraphs of her letter contained a tremendous piece of news. It was this:

"I am sorry to tell you, dear nephew, that Priscilla has quarreled with the gentleman she was to marry and that the affair is quite broken off, so that she has even given him back his ring. Of course such events are unpleasant, though we are glad to keep our girl a little longer. Mr. Dinwiddie was silly enough to be jealous without reason.

Priscilla was free again. Cousin Tomlinson's spirits arose. The frescoed parlor arose before his imagina-tion, with Priscilla on one side of the grate and he upon the other in twin armchairs. He saw her driving the little pony phaeton he intended to buy for her down the broad path leading from the house to the gate, and he was just three days' distance from home, and a woman whose heart has just been hurt is always readier to accept a salve for it in the shape of a new lover, as we all

know. It would be well for him to return home and exhibit himself as Priscilla's adorer in this moment of maiden humiliation. But this young man liked to carry out the plans he had formed for himself. He had said that he would travel until November, and it seemed proper to do so. Con-sequently he proceeded on his jour-Now, Priscilla, who had not loved

deal about Tornlinson, whose woebe-gone face had given her a notion of truth the day he called to bid her. It was Mr. Wincher, whom he adieu before he set off upon his jour knew very well. ney, and she had actually purposely made her lover quarrel with her and

had said, and mamma had written. We'll leave her to herself awhile." But when Tomlinson made no response, Priscilla grew angry; when he did not return or even write to her, angrier yet.

At last when June, July, August, September and October had passed she began to confess that she was an idiot to throw away a true heart for one that had no love for her, and that Tomlinson had worn a long face for some other reason than her engagement

The consequence was that when exactly on the 23d of November, as Mr. Wincher lived 30 years, which, he had resolved in the first place, for a gentleman who was 48 on his Tomlinson returned home, and to wedding day was not doing so badly. lose no time hurried to his aunt's as He died of something with an exsoon as he had made himself presentable, with the firm intention of prohe stood aghast at the door of the parlor before a very pretty picture that dissolved before his gaze-his Cousin Priscilla with a gentleman's arm around her waist. He retreated to his aunt.

"Who is that?" he asked, pointing to the parior.

"Mr. Dinwiddie," said his aunt. "I thought you told me"-began poor Tomlinson.

'Only a lovers' quarrel, after all,' said the aunt smilingly and quite unaware of Tomlinson's anguish. 'They've made it up beautifully."

He went away shortly after and oft his compliments for his cousin. Miss Priscilla married Mr. Dinwiddie this time and really grew to love him, but there was something charmher, since in his estimation she was ing about her Cousin Tomlinson, erect as a poplar and trim as a Quaker,

His little pink mouth and narrow, well drawn eyebrows were very, very pretty. His hair was always Then Tomlinson Perrybrook, having made up his mind quietly, went on his coat. She sometimes contrasted him with her husband and wished the poor young lady seemed very much ashamed of the silly secret hidden in her breast.

She was in all respects a good wife elor and still kept the room he secretly called Priscilla's parlor as a Portly and rosy, she sat knitting cretly called Priscilla's parlor as a sort of secret hiding place, where he went at times very late in the evening with a flat candlestick to bewail his single blessedness and indules in Tomlinson himself. He was wait- his single blessedness and indulge in her junior.

But a change was at hand. Mr. London to pay a visit. There, at Dinwiddie, who was fond of horses, the house of a fashionable relative, bought a fine spirited one in the she met a fashionable young man morning and rode him out in the aft-

That night Priscilla kept dinner waiting long-indeed forever. No not go. one ever ate that dinner, for in the ghostly moonlight, as she sat at her window, she saw her husband's horse rush past like some black phantom without his rider.

The poor fellow lay three miles back upon the lenely road, prone on his face, stone dead. And so Priscilla at 27 was a widow.

As time passed and her grief soft-ened she certainly looked very well in her cap. Tomlinson thought so, so did Mr. Wincher, who settled her

husband's property. This time Tomlinson made up his mind promptly. Of course it would be indecorous to intrude upon a wid-ow's grief with words of love. He would wait a year for decency, and

one month over for good measure. The year and one month would bring them to Dec. 24, 18-. He

kept away, and Mr. Wincher, being Mrs. Dinwiddie's legal gentleman, found it necessary to call—on business—very often.

The reserver of the made no sign and when people at our time of life do this sort of thing, what is the use of delay? I shall, of course, not marry before the year is out, but then" and her first ball.

The year tottered away. The month after it waxed and waned. Once or twice when they met by chance something in Tomlinson's eyes had revived old fancies in the widow's heart. But at the end of the year she remembered he had not so much as called once. She gave a

little sigh and looked in the glass. "Twenty-seven is not 17," she said as she pinned on her first white collar and tied on a little white crape bow. "I'm sure, at least, that Tom-linson used to think me very

pretty. Just then a servant came to tell her straight he is." that Mr. Wincher had called about a

piece of land. On the 24th of December, 18-, at half past 7 in the evening, as he had decided, Tomlinson Perrybrook, just 36, dressed himself with much care said and went back to Mr. Packer, and observed, with some annoyance, that a bald spot as big as a shilling interfered with the straightness of against the paper, and burst out of it interfered with the straightness of the back parting of his hair. Buttoning a pair of pearl colored kid gloves, he betook himself to his cousin's residence. He rang the bell. The girl answered it and took in his card. She returned to beg that he would wait a few moments. Tom-

her lover, but only been pleased by linson waited half an hour. Then a his love for her, had thought a good jubilant gentleman came flying out

broken off her match on his account. whisper. "She's a little agitated. "Tell my cousin, mamma," she Ladies always are on such occasions. "Occasions - what occasions?"

> asked Tomlinson. 'You haven't suspected me, then?" Wincher said. "She has just promised to make me happy by becoming Mrs. Wincher." Again Tomlinson, with a woeful

aspect, uttered congratulations. Again Mrs. Dinwiddie gave a little sigh and drove away a little thought. She was married to Mr. Wincher in the spring, and there was no sudden dissolution of the marriage, for

ceedingly long name, and having been very kind indeed to his wife she shed posing to Priscilla that very evening, a great many bitter tears and felt very, very lonely.

She was 58 now and had no chil-

The second widow's cap and crape veil shaded the face of an elderly woman, but she had grown round and had a bloom in her cheeks, few gray hairs and a splendid set of false

When she had been a widow six months, Tomlinson Perrybrook, an old bachelor of 65, utterly bald and grown woefully thin, sat over his solitary fire.

"It is queer how old fancies hang on," he said to himself. "I suppose I could have any beautiful young girl I choose to propose to" (an old bachelor always believes that, and the older he grows and the uglier he gets the stronger this strange hallucination becomes). "But I am fonder of Priscilla than any of them.

"She is changed, of course; not pretty now, and I suppose other men think her an old woman, but she's a darling yet, and if I can get her to marry a third time and come here and live in the old house I made that heaven had given her such a ready for her when she was 17 the man, but no one ever guessed it, and end of my life will be its happiest. the poor young lady seemed very and, God bless her! I'll try my best to make her happy too."

Then he went to his desk and looked at a bit of ribbon she had and resolutely set herself to banish dropped from her hair the day she ing her cousin's image from her was first a bride, and that he had breast. She believed herself to have saved all these years and kissed it. succeeded when 10 years had gone and taking his cane (he had already by, but Tomlinson was still a bach had a twinge or two of rheumatism)

"This is my next door neighbor, Mr. Packer, Cousin Tomlinson," she

Tomlinson bowed; so did Mr. P. "Any relative of Mrs. Wincher's I'm delighted to know, I'm sure," he said, with great emphasis, but he did

It is etiquette for one caller to leave soon after the arrival of another. Cousin Tomlinson knew, but perhaps Mr. Packer did not. At all events he sat and sat and talked and talked until Tomlinson, rising, said:

"Cousin Priscilla, will you see me to the door? I've a word to say to

She smiled and went into the hall with him. He drew the door shut, "He pays long calls, I see," he said. indicating Mr. Packer.

Something like a blush mounted to Priscilla's face.

"Perhaps he thinks he has a right to do so," she said. "I'm glad you called tonight, for when a woman of my age takes such a step she doesn't like to break it to her friends herself. You must do it for me, cousin. You must mention that I would propose on the evening of Dec.

24. He wrote the date down in his notebook and counted the days as a girl does those between the present children, and our estates join, and I am lonesome-oh, so lonesome! And

> hall chair and excused the act by speaking of his late attack of rheum-atism. Then he added, apropos of her late words:

'Yes, yes, delays are dangerous!" And then he said very softly: "Well, well! Goodby, Cousin Pris-

cilla! Goodby!"

And he held her hand longer than he had ever before and for the last long gravel path. She looked after him.

"He's an old man now, God bless BANGROFT to be a day, Free close for the first for described to the control to the

"He's an old man now, God bless him," she said, "but how trim and Then the thought that had haunted

all her life flashed into her heart for an instant and warmed it back to "Ah, no fool like an old fool," she self with a short nap, with his head

There has been much discussion in

Newport of late concerning the leaderknew very well.

"We'll go in and see her in a moment, my dear fellow," he said in a whisper. "She's a little agitated. now, and one constantly hears the ques-tions: "Who are the swells?" "Have the nobs all died out and disappeared, or are they yet exercising a controlling infin-ence in society?" The principal old Knickerboeker manorial families are represented in society at the present time by the Livingstons, the Van Rensselaers, the Gardiners of Gardiner's island, the Morrises of Morrisania, the Van Cortlandts, the Floyd-Joneses, the Thompsons of Sagtikos, the Beekmans, the De Lanceys, the Pells and the De Peysters.

The heads of the Livingstons are Harry Walter Livingston and Johnston Living-ston, men of fashion. The head of the Van Rensselaers is Bayard Van Rensselaer, the patroon by right, who married a descendant of the Gardiners of Mardiner's island. The head of the Morrises is A. Newbold Morris. The head of the Gar-diners of Gardiner's island is Colonel J. Lyon Gardiner, twelfth lord of that manor. The head of the Van Cortlandts is Pierre Van Cortlandt in one branch and is Pierre Van Cortlandt in one branch and Augustus Van Cortlandt in another. Colonel De Lancey Floyd-Jones repre-sents the family of that name, and Fred-erick Diodati Thompson represents his family. The Beekmans are represented by Gerald Beekman, the De Lanceys by Edward T. De Lancey. The Pells are headed by George Washington Pell and Howland Pell, and the De Peysters by General J. Watts De Peyster, the Stayvesants by Rutherford Stuyvesant, the Duers by James G. K. Duer, the Jaya by John Jay, the Hamiltons by Schuyler Hamilton, the Winthrops in New York by Edgarton L. Winthrop, and in Bos ton by Robert C. Winthrop; the Schuylers by Philip Schuyler and John Schuyler, secretary of the Society of the Cin-cinnati; the Lawrences by J. G. K. Lawrence, the Roosevelts by James B. Roose velt and J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, and the

Kings by A. Gracie King.

All of these people hold high positions in the fashionable world of today, and notwithstanding the assumption of the multimillionairee that family is of no importance in New York they are still regarded in an entirely different way from the new people. This family pride has had a new impetus given to it lately by the formation of the societies of the Sons of the Revolution, the Sons of the Colonial Wars, the Colonial Dames, etc. Even in our republican country a Stuyvesant, a Livingston or a Van Rensselact commands social position if he is at all fitted for it, while other mortals must

work for and make one themselves. Many mothers are better satisfied if their daughters marry representatives of the old Knickerbockers with moderate fortunes than if they marry into wealthy families which have recently secured places in fashionable society. This has been illustrated by several notable in-stances of late years. The old Colonial stock was never so much appreciated as at present.—Cor. New York World.

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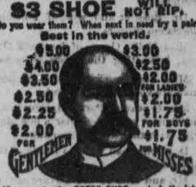
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